A DAY ON THE SOUTH SHORE. DIGGING SOFT CLAMS AND NETTING

HARD-SHELL CRABS. How to Find the Clams and How to Catch the Crabe. Bebbing for Eels and Angling for Frogs. A Day Near the Roaring Surf.

I write for the people who are not rich, for those whe have to work almost continuously, and who cannot afford to spend their short vacations at expensive watering places. There are thousands of men in New York who long for one or two weeks' healthful sport by the seaside, long for a change, but who do not know where to go. They shrink from visiting seaside resorts where the wealth of rich people is ostentatiously flaunted in wheir faces. They avoid hotels where banditti-like servants stand as watchful sentinels in the corridors, at the hat racks, and in the dining rooms, their outstretched hands and menacing attitudes saying plainer than words, "Give, give, give, or you shall starve in the midst of planty." Almost every man desires to kill wild animals or birds or to catch fish. People quickly tire of the highlands, or of the plains, if there is no game to be killed-and eaten afterward. Men cannot live on scenery. They become tired of walking long distances to admire, in conventional terms, a view that they do not really care to see. And, above all, the thousands of poor men, who have a vacation during the summer, do not want to pay from \$15 to \$20 per week for a scanty supply of food and un-civil attendance, and the privilege of looking at rather tame scenery. Tired, city-worn men, who can get a vacation, should spend it in a region where they can enjoy healthful, outdoor life and sport, and where they will not be men tally distressed by having an expenditure of money which their means will not justify hanging over them. Eastern Long Island is the region for these men to visit. Lying behind the dunes which stand on the

southern shore of Long Island are many bays and ponds, the waters of which are connected with the ocean, at certain seasons of the year, by narrow inlets, called pouses. These bays abound in shell and scale fishes. Further back, and surrounded by tilled farms, are many fresh water pends, in whose water pickerel white perch, roach, and frogs abound. The surf bathing on the Atlantic coast of Long Island cannot be surpassed. The water is quick and strong. On the bays and large ponds saliboats are kept for hire. The price for board and lodging at the farm houses throughout the Hamptons is from \$7 to \$10 per week. The food is good in quality and is well cooked.

Last week I spent a day along the shores of Peconic Bay. I tell its cost, so that men desirous of a day along shore can judge if its cost is beyond their means. Leaving Bridgehampton in a wagon drawn by one horse, and loaded with four persons, two crab nets, two clam rakes, a loaf of bread, two pounds of butter, a package of cracker dust, three eggs, a frying pan, and an armfut of pine sticks, we drove slong a road which led through well-tilled farms, and then around through dense wools where quall whistled softly one to the other. to Peconic Bay. We left the wagon on the shore by the water, and stabled the horse in a near-by barn. Two of the party waded in the warm water of one of the minor bays after crabs, and two walked out into the cool water of the main bay after clams. The day was bright and pleasant. The tide was obbing. Sea gulls flev screaming around us. High in the air two broadwinged fishhawks circled slowly, attentively scanning the blue water for unwary fishes. The bay was alive with sail boats, and in the great bay were many low-lying steamers engaged in the menhaden lishery. It was about 9 o'clock when we entered the bar. By the time the tide had turned and came whispering 9 o'clock when we entered the bay. By the time the tide had turned and came whispering among the reeds and coarse grass, and rippling on the shell-paved shore, we had caught about half a bushel of medium-sized clams, and had an appetite which would have caused a shark to hang his lower jaw in envy if he had known how hungry we were. We waded slowly to the shore, to find that the crabbers had not been very successful, they having spent the most of the morning in investigating the insect and shellfish life of the bay. They had gotten deeply interested in the doings of a spider-like cronture which lived under a bowlder, and which at short intervals, darted out and fought with small minnows and undersized soldier crabs. I sat down by the side of the youngest of the party, a boy of twelve, and together we watched a flerce, warlike robber and suspected murderer and cannibal, who had goggle eyes and long legs and shell-amored body, and who lurked under a stone. He made savate raids on peaceful by-passers, and, like the feudal barons of old, strove to drag them to his castle, there to be held for ransom or to eat them. Incessant war went on in the waver, one species of fish killing the other. The little boy and I sat long, pattently waiting for some fish or larger incest to come and kill the predatory and murderous baron, but he was wary. Occasionally he would rush out at a by-passer, and then, seeing that he had made a mistake, he would skurry back, as much as to say:

nsn or larger insect to come and kill the predatory and murderous baron, but he was wary. Occasionally he would rush out at a by-passer, and then seeing that he had made a mistake, he would skurry back, as much as to say: "Please excuse me. I thought it was your small cousin, the one whom you dislike so heartly, who was masting by, and I was going to hite him for you."

He would watch with staring eyes, the fish, or crab, or insect which, was too powerful for him to safely attack until they swam away. One of these creatures was such a desperate, reckiess little rufflan that I thought it right that retributive justice should overtake him; so I killed him, and a small fish ate him.

After the death of the sea baron, the small boy laid his hand on my shoulder and asked:

"Are you the boss clam frier?"

I assured him that I was.

"Then, said he, I will build the fire, and we will have dinner. Who will open the clams?" he added, rather anxiously.

That was settled to the satisfaction of all concerned. Then lots were drawn to settle the order in which we should eat. The cook was debarred from the crivilege of drawing a straw, because the small boy asserted that cooks always ate last, and that if I are first I would probably go on a strike and refuss to cook for them. There was wisdom in this, and I was promptly ruled out. The fire was built, the clams were opened, and, after being drained, were dipped in beaten eggs and rolled in cracker dust. Then they were dropped into boining butter, where they quickly became brown. They were served on a folded catton cloth, which absorbed the surplus grease. When dinner was over the haif a bushel of clams was gone. We smoked pipes and lounged in the shade for an hour or two, and then raked more clams out of the bottom of the bay, close to the narrow neck where the tide sweeps strongly. The crabs, began to search for food in the flooding water, and the boys caught a few soft-shelled ones. We came ashore with six or seven quarts of clams, and they were fried and eaten. The small bo

been hired the cost of the trip would have been swelled by \$1.50. Nome years the crabs desert certain bays. The following year they will probably swarm

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Some years the crabs desert certain bays. The following year they will probably swarm in that water. The abundance or a scarcity of crabs depends on the pent up waters of the bays or ponds breaking through the narrow strips of sand which separates them from the ocean, thus forming an inlet through which the sea water can ebb and flow. If this cecurs at the proper season then there will be plenty of crabs the following year. The inist may remain open for months. It may be closed in a few days. But once opened it remains open until closed by a storm which washes sufficient sea sand into the channel to close it. Last year Mecox Bay, in Southampton township. Suffolk county, opened early in the season. The crabs and easis left the comparatively fresh water of the bay and disappeared in the ocean. There were no crabs in Mecox Bay last year. Late in the summer the crabs raturated to the bay. Then a storm closed the injet, and shortly afterward the waters exarmed with young crabs. This year there are more crabs in the bay than ever before.

A crab sheds its shell once a month during the warm weather. When its shell is off it is helpless. Any flah can kill and earlt. Ests are exceedingly fond of soft-shell crabs, and even beat the bottom of the bays in search of them. The crabs, aware of their helpessness when deprived of their shells, come into shallow water and hide under tufts of grass, or crawl under the windrow of seawed which lines the shore of the bays, and there as for moto shallow water and hide under tufts of grass, or crawl under the windrow of seawed which lines the shore of the bays, and there as of the shell which it has outgrown and quietly waits for its new shell to harden, which takes from two to three days. To catch soil-shelled crabs it is new shell to harden, which water, and to turn over the say and carefully look under the bunches of aquesus plants, which seake, and to turn over the sea weeds with the water, and to turn over the sea

in an hour, and a bushel of hard crabs can be caught in the same time.

So plentiful are orabejin Mecox Bay this year that some farmers, who live near the bay, and who keep larga numbers of chickens, catch them to feed their fowi. Last week I saw a farmer who had almost filled a large sack with a quarrelsome mass of highly enraged crabs. They were biting one another at a great rate, and large and cause and fippers were being roughly torn from the combatants. For once they had the privilege, apparently highly prigad by crabs, of indusing in a free light. This farmer dropped them into his open-mouthed sack as he caught them, and the new comers pitched into the light, claws foremost, at once. As I stood talking to this man, and looking into his sack, a large, blue crab, with widely extended claws waving before him, crawled on the bottom of the bag toward us. The farmer eccoped him up with his net. He was wild with rage and excitement when put in the sack. I could almost hear him murmur: 'Here is richness. Here is aport ready made to my claws. This is delightful.'

With great firmness he entered into the fight, A dozen crabs were eager to gratify his desire for personal combat. Soon his legs were plucked. in an hour, and a bushel of hard crabs can be

with given trimees needed to gratify his desire for personal combat. Soon his legs were plucked from his body and his claws were wranched off, and the John L. Sullivan of crabs lay holpiess, with his body and his claws were wranched off, and the John L. Sullivan of crabs lay holpiess, with his lobster eyes rolling with fury. The day, after I had caught his soft that just three feet into Mecor. Bay, to assort them and replaces the smaller ones in the water. While busy I saw a large blue crab crawl out of the deep water toward the shore. His got under a small aqueous viant, and after a wonderful gymnastic performance shed his shell. Something airmed him, and he declied to go nearer to the shore, probably intending to crawl under the windrow of seawed on the shore, so as to be concealed from hungry sels and fishes. His change of basis was a mistake. Before he had gotten hilfway to the shore a school of minnews saw him, and pounced on him. My impulse was to save him, then I thought of his monopolistic furstinets, and of his general cusediness whim, then I thought of his monopolistic histories, and of his general cusediness with the protected by hood it ay his claws on when he was armored, and him his own brother had pinched my leg the previous week, and I hardened my heart against him. The minnows closed in on him; they pulled his legs off; they pulled his claws off, or he cast them off in his great airm. Then they killed his legs off; they pulled his claws off, or he cast them off in his great lairm. Then they killed his legs off; they pulled his claws off, or he cast them off in his great lairm. Then they killed his legs off; they pulled his claws off, or he cast them off in his great fairm. Then they killed and atch him.

Do crabs and eels and fish communicate information one to the other? Are their actions guided by intelligence? I am strongly inclined to answer both questions aftirmatively. I instance what he was a man of his part of the way and the sea ones, or the sea of the part of the way and the sea of th

death. From are ever interly. They are cursed with appetites which bluint their intelligence. They are hasty in arriving at conclusions. Their intuition is invariably misleading. I suspect that they are very near-sighted, and perhaps color blind. The crafty frouger takes an unfair advantage of the delects in their mental composition, and ties to a pole a line, one end of which is concealed by a piece of rod cloth. Armed with this simple outfit, and a bag to hold his eatch, he walks slowly around the edges of the pend looking for frogs. When he sees one that suits him he dangles the red cloth in front of its nose. The frog, which is sitting partially submerged on a litip pad, and apparently absorbed in profound thought, or in silent admiration of the glories of white and yellow water lities, wakes up to the realities of frog life. His oves fly open. He oraces himself, and then, giving a quick, nervous jump, which water lilies, wakes up to the realities of frog life. His eyes fly open. He praces himself, and then, giving a quick, nervous jump, which plainly says "here is food to be had for the catching," he selzes the alluring red rag and the share hook, and, instead of catching anything to eat, he is caught to be eaten. If they are very tame a snare made of line brass wire is fastened to the end of a long pole, and as the unsuspecting frogs sit on near-by lip pade, or along shore, the snare is slipped over their heads, and they are yanked into the air and quickly put into the sack, where they sit in sullen silence nursing their sore throats and blinking their bright eyes. Again a small boy, armed with a club, adroity slips up behind a sleeping frog, or one lest in thought, and, as he tersely expresses it, "belts him over the head." The small boy, being a young savage without a particle of humanity in his make up, delights in the ruin he has wrought, and says exulting, as he picks him up. That makes twenty-one green-headed duffers knocked silly," and he adds, inquiringly, "Siv, we will have a high old supper to-night—ch?"

Then he grasps his club more tightly and joyfully continues his destructive career around the pond.

When the frozs in any pond have been made wary by a couple of young imps armed with lean shooter and clubs, they score red rags.

joyfully continues his destructive career around the pond.

When the frogs in any pond have been made wary by a couple of young imps armed with lean shooter and clubs, they scorn red rags, they refuse to sit and be snared, they jump wildly and swim long distances under water when they see any one approaching them. Then a gun, lightly loaded, is necessary to kill them as they sit on the tily pads twenty yards from the shore. To catch frogs costs nothing unless a gun is used; then they cost about a cent each. The sport is healthful, and there is much to be seen in the water by men who keep their eyes open.

The fishing in the frosh water ponds on the eastern end of Long Island is good. It is true that the fish are not as good to cat as the best of the sait water fish, but it is also true that they are superior to inver-fed and singgish front. A two-round pickerel can make a red click in a delightful manner, and as much snort can be had in landing him as to land a fish to eatch which requires an outlay of \$30. Smail pickerel are as game as small trout, but they are not as good to eat as the bean in the fish are not as good as inver-fed frout. In some of the ponds in Southampton pickerel abound. Catches of thirty and forty are frequently made in half a day's stort. I know two little boys of 12 years who are at present supplying a summer hotel with fish. They get ien cents a pound for pickerel, and they eatch from eight to twelve pounds daily, and catch as many more pounds of white perch and roach. They have a delightful time. They are a school. And they can their poket money. The outfit of these boys consists of a cane pole, a fish line, and a pickerel apoon, and it costs them flify cents'each. It is os effective as one costing \$50. It costs nothing to catch pickerel, unless a row boat is hired. That costs fifty cents a day.

There are scores of boarding houses in the water is the most desirable. Men who are fond of good surf bathing, and who like to fish and amoke pipes and to be left alone, can hardly go amiss in

A \$16,000 handwich.

About the pluckiest player of all the summer visitors who ever came to Long Branch was the late. Using which was the late. The summer wistors who ever came to Long Branch was the late. The late of the property of the late From the Philadelphia Press. "Watt and take a the to call and a small bottle," suggested Phinadelphia's princely gambler.
"Bon't mint if I do take a sandwich," replied Woerischoffer, toying with the few chips the had lett, "and I'll iose these wittle I am waiting for it."
The waiter was at once despatched into the club house restaurant for the sandwich, and while he was away making it Woerishoffer kept betting and winning at every turn of the card. When the darky responsered his customer was too hips to eat the sandwich, and he kept him standing behind him for the next balf hour, during which he won his \$10,000 leads and \$0,000 besides. Then he also his sandwich, cashed his chips, and want boms.

THREE MEN WITH ONE WISH. CONNECTIOUT REPUBLICANS WHO WANT

TO RUN FOR GOVERNOR.

Mayor Bulkeley of Hartford, Ex-Speaker Tibbles of New London, and Mr. Loung berry of the Northwest Corner of the State. NEW HAVEN, Aug. 5 .- The Republican State Committee met here yesterday and issued the call for the State Convention for Sept. 9, and selected Hartford as the place. There was no political virility displayed by any of the members of the committee. They met in a perfunctory way, exercised listionaly their functions, and departed, impressing those who saw them with the conviction that they felt that it wouldn't be of very much use to hold a Convention this year. Still, one member said that if Mr. Blaine made the kind of speeches in Maine that Sam Fessenden expects he will. there map-be kindled an enthusiasm in Connecticut which will make it worth while to

carry on an energetic canvass. It looks now, however, as if something more potent than Blaine's name or speeches have ever been in Connecticut might be found stimulating the Republicans to excitement, and that is the candidacy of Morgan Bulkeley of Hartford for the nomination for Governor. It Mr. Bulkeley has decided to become a candidate, and certain echoes from his whispering gallery indicate that he has there will be fine old times before and at the Convention; white, if he is nominated, as he probably will be if he wants the nomination, he has the art of making things lively during a canvass. It can be taken for granted that Mr. Bulkeley does seek the nomination, and so we shall have a triangular contest in the Convention. There will be Mr. Bulkeley of Hartford at the apex, representing money, lots of it, experience, a good deal of that, and a fair share of ability; and Mr. Lounsberry at the southwestern angle, at Ridgefield, very near the new Yale line, with money, plenty of that, one experience, a and one two years ago, and no pretension whatever to the kind of political ability that works wires and pulls strings; while a the other angle of the triangle, at New London is ex-Speaker Tibbitts, with no money, but a varied experience for so young a man, generally a happy one, and a sharp, acute brain, impelled by plenty of audacity and assurance. Under these conditions, all three men and their friends being thoroughly in earnest, we are likely to see a very pretty struggle. It is pretty certain to be a somewhat bitter one, because just now the three candidates are so excessively polite to one another. A French duells, about to run his sword through his antagonist's heart, could not do more scraping and lowing and apologizing than Mr. Tibbitts, Mr. Louysberry, and Mr. Buikeley now engage in toward each other. The struggle promises to be all the more interesting because the great New York and New Haven Rairond corporation has such a good friend in each of the candidates that it doesn't care to show any partiality. varied experience for so young a man, gener-

ity.

If I describe briefly the characteristics of each
of these men, with something of their history,
it will be seen that there is originality of manner and method in each sufficient to develop ner and method in each sufficient to develop some interesting politics within a few weeks. Take Mr. Bulkeley first. He is about fifty years, according to the calendar, and about thirty-five in energy, feelings, and ambition. He is a hand-some man, with bright, snappy black eyes and a moustache prematurely white. Years ago Mr. Bulkeley, though born by the banks of the Connecticut, went to Brooklyn, N. Y., and there engaged in business and took his first and a moustache prematurery white. Years ago Mr. Bulkeiey, though born by the banks of the Connecticut, went to Brooklyn, N. Y., and there engaged in business and took his first leasons in politics. Some of them he has never forgotten. He there learned how to handle a primary and to practise the political prestid gitator's arts which cause an adverse majority in a ward to become a minority on election day. ButBrooklyn politics became a little too rank for Mr. Bulkeley, and the great business created by his lather in Hartford demanding the energy of youthful blood, Mr. Bulkeley returned to Hartford some fifteen years ago to manage the great Æina Insurance Company, and to win the regard of the Hartford people by establishing a professional base ball nine there, which for four years had its hand almost on the championship of the country, but never quite got the prize. At that time Mr. Bulkeley would rather have seen the Hartford ball nine win the championship than to have himself been chosen Governor of the State, and he then did an audacious and coatly thing characteristic of the man. He went to New York and captured the famous Mutual nine, Bob Ferguson and all, and brought them to Hartford. He then set the example, followed in later years with some astonishing results, of buying a professional nine and transporting them to another eity. If Mr. Bulkeley ever becomes Governor of Connecticut it is to be doubted whether he will be regarded with quite the esteem he received in Hartford when he transporting them to another famous in politics were playing base ball. Senator Gorman of Maryland was catching with an amateur Baltimore club. Sam Fessenden was playing left field with a Stamford nine, and Senator Manderson of Nebraska was eagerly sought as an impartial and wise umpire by the Omaha tossers. After four years Mr. Bulkeley found that he was providing a rather exeensive entertainment for the people of Hartford, allied himself with the Jewell incention, though himself with the Jewell incention, though himself with ion, though his personal relations with the Jawell never had a stancher friend than Jawell never had a stancher friend than Bulkeley, and it was he who started the Jewell boom for Vice-President in 1876. To this day Mr. Europe detect that the development of the President in 1876. To this day Mr. Europe development in 1876. To this day Mr. Europe development in 1876. To this day of Mr. Europe development in the city Government, was atherents the ticket would have been the alliterative, easy-pronouncing one of Hayes and Hawier. Mr. Bulkeley, after serving for some years as an officer in the city Government, was elected Mayor of Hartford, and it was pretty good proof of his ability and resources. Hartford, and it was pretty good proof of his ability and resources. Hartford, and it was pretty good proof of his ability and resources. Hartford, is naturally Democratic by 500 or 500, but Mr. Bulkeley had no difficulty then, now the service of the hardford in the Sonate. When, however, four years ago, the lepublicans suggested that Mr. Bu keley become a candidate for the nomination for Governor, he said no, but intimated that if they wanted the ame he had a brother. The brother, William H. Bulkeley, a most genial, companionable and cultivated man, but wholly at sea in politics, was nominated, and found himself contest in the Sonate. When no contesting with young Tom Waller for the scale hours. We have a cheeted by the Legislature, as there had been no choice by the people. Now Mr. Bulkeley mans himself to run, He is a strategist in politics. He is no Mugwump. He is no required as a candidate, but with his help Henry had been no choice by the people. Now Mr. Bulkeley mans himself to run, He is a strategist in politics. He is no Mugwump. He is no required as a candidate, but with his help Henry had been no choice by the people. Now Mr. Bulkeley was not put on airs, and never a constitution of the Whig portry the beaution of the Missour compromise, the ham so of the most of the stance of the foundation of the same species

in London the firm has the office all the same. It is asserted that a good many Democrate will vote for Tibbitts just to show their affection, though in a second-handed way, for Waller.

Mr. Lounsberry two years ago was a candidate for the nomination, and was denounced by ex-Speaker Case on the floor of the Convention as a money bags, who had nothing but his bank account to commend him to the notice of Republicans. This speech helped defeat Mr. Lounsberry and so short-lived is the memory of politicians or so great their audacity, that immediately after they asked him for a contribution for the campaign fund. Mr. Lounsberry gave them a good-sized cheek. Though a resident of Fairfield county, Mr. Lounsberry is a New York bank President, and a manufacturer of boots and shoes. He wants to be Governor, but he is guiteless, as many good business men are apt to be, of all the arts of politics. He has learned that what a man has not in his own nature he must rely on some one eise to supply him, and this year has called to his all some of the ablest of the politicians in the western part of the State. When Mr. Bulkeley and Mr. Tibbitts want to overcome Mr. Sam. Fessenden in a political struggle they must arise very early in the morning. It looks as though for the next few weeks they would have to be very early risers.

THE OKLAHOMA ROOMERS.

They Have Lots of Pluck, and the Soldier

Are Tired of Chasing Them. HUNNEWELL, Kan., Aug. 5 .- " It is not half so much fun chasing these boomers out of Indian Territory as some folks imagine," an army officer observed when questioned on the subject. "You see, most of them are full of Yankee pluck and independence, and they don't care any more for the United States army than they would for a swarm of mos quitoes. You can't scare an American with the army, because he knows that the soldiers won't shoot, and so we go marching around in military fashion, chasing this man and that man, until the thing gets to be a good deal of

What is needed out here is a police force about 200 men, armed with clubs. If I had such a command I would keep Okiahoma clear until the Government got ready to open it. The other day I found two or three men and women, with about a dozen children, over the line getting ready to settle, and I told them they would have to move on.

Where to?' asked one of the men. "'Anywhere,' says I, 'so long as you get out of here. You can't stay here,'

'Why not?' says he. "'Because,' I explained, 'this is Governmen' land and you know it. You'll have to skip.' "Well, they piled all their things and their children into a couple of big wagons and started north. We watched them awhile, and concluded that they were going for sure, but the next day, when we passed that way, there they were again in the old place. The spokesman colored up a little when he saw me, and

"'To tell the truth, Colonel, I just thought this thing was all red tape, and that so long as you had done your duty I'd take the responsiyou had done your duty I'd take the responsibility of coming back. I didn't think you'd be here so soon. It's a run, is it?"

"I told him it was a run, and that if he came in again I would have to place him under arrest. Then we escorted him and his party over the line, and watched them for two or three days until they strolled away.

"Some of the boomers are werse than fleas. Plenty of them have no women and children with them, and they move about with great colerity. I remember a few weeks ago that we came across an old fellow away down about twenty miles from the line. He had actually hauled in lumber and built himself a little shanty, in which he had been living a month or two. Over the door he had scratched with a lead pencil, 'John Kiley's Claim.' When we rode up he was sitting out in front smoking his pipe and reading his Bible.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.
"Locatin.' said he.

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pipe and reading his Bible.

"What are you doing here? I asked.
"Locatin." said he.
"Well, you'll have to get out, I continued.
"Well, you'll have to get out, I continued.
"Because this land isn't open yet, and our
orders are to remove everybody found here."
"Well, by thunder, said the old man, you
can't remove one side of me. Not much, you
can't fisepping inside of his cabin, he brought
out a rifle, and continued: I wore that there
uniform of yours five years in Verginia when
there was some mighty tall hustlin going on
between the James and the Potomac, and I'm
cussed if I'm going to be lassooed in this way,
I'm a neaceful setter, a hurtin of nobody, and
if the United States army comes a pickin' on
me, then all there is to that, me and Uncle Sam
will have a row, and it's the first time, too. You
just go along, now, and let me alone." will have a row, and it's the first time, too. You just go along, now, and let me alone."

I didn't want to make war on one old soldier who appeared to be enjoying himself, and so I gave him a week to varate his claim and passed on. As luck would have it, it was a fortnight before we got around that way again, and then the cabin was gone. He had moved it away somewhere else, but we'll run across him after while.

"I don't wonder that the people want to get "I don't wonder that the people want to get into that country. It's the prattiest in the world. We destroyed some houses built near a river bank that had been occupied by so oras families. We had put them out two or three times, and finally, to make a sure job of it, we burned their houses. They had a magnificant site for a town, and had selected it for that purpose. Their leader, a shrewd young fellow, came to me afterward, and wanted to make an arrangement by which he could get his climbs on that particular section the day the Territory was opened. He thought I could help him to it if I wanted to, and he said if I would, he would give me my pick of the corner lots. I had to tail him that that was a matter with which I could not interfere.

"We meet with a good many said cases, too, and I shail be glad when the country is opened up."

ABOUT STOCKINGS.

Their Interesting Origin - Lovers Begged Their Ladies' Hair.

The first silk stockings made in England were knitted by Queen Elizabeth's silk woman. Mistress Montague, who presented her M jesty with a pair of black silk ones, which she liked so well that she kept the donor knitting silk stockings as long as she lived. Before the end of her reign stockings were made of silk, jarnsey, worsted, crewel, or the finest yarn and thread that could be had, and Stubbs remarks that the ladies were "not ashamed to wear hose of all kinds of changeable coiors, as green, red, white, russet, tweney, and else what not, cunningly knit and curiously indented in every point with quirks, clocks, open seams, and overything else accordingly."

The fashion thus intreduced by royalty was soon adopted by the under fanks. The first peer who indulged in silk stockings was that William Herbert called the "proud Earl of Pembroke." Prouder than ever, we can fancy him, in the days of trunk hose, long-waisted doublet and huge ruffs, appearing at Court in his new fashionable knit hose, and berhans dancing a measure with the "virgin queen," her head covered with feathers, her fest glittering in gold and silver embroidered slippers, wearing her black silk stockings as she coquettishiy raised her brocaded skirt and shook her feet in the dance.

King James I., it is said, not only were silk stockings, but was so fond of them that he lowered his kingly dignity so far as to ask one of his courtiors to lend him a pair.

That was royalty going a begging with a vengeance when we read in a letter still extant of how the King asked the loan of the "scarlet hose with the gold clocks" on one occasion, when he desired to give the French Ambassador an "extraordinary idea of his magnificence."

It was a fancy with some lovers of the olden time to have stockings made from their ladies' heir, they desiring. I suppose, to have their From the Philadelphia Press. The first silk stockings made in England

time to have stockings made from their ladies' hair, they desiring. I suppose, to have their feet as well as their hearts to be entangled in the meshes of their mistresses' tresses.

TOGETHER IN ONE CASE

Two Men Getting Ready to Cruise Through From the Niagara Courier.

Prom the Niagara Courter.

William Potts, aged 25, and George Hazlitt, aged 22, natives of Chippawa. Ont., who added and abetted Graham in the making of his barrel and in getting started on his famous trip through the rapids, are making preparations to attempt the trip together in one cask.

The cask, which has been built at the cooper shop of Messrs. Holmes & Adams at Buffalo and taken apart to season for a few days, is ten feet long, one side being made almost flat like the deck of a boat, the bige being on the lower side. The two main heads will be twenty-four inches wide at the smallest part, one of the heads being about four feet from the true bettem, which will have a diameter of six inches at the smallest part. Ballast to the amount of 300 pounds will be put between these two heads. On the upper side a manhole will be cut, which will be closed by a plate hinged to the body of the harrel with secure lastenings on the inside. The stavos are of 1%-inch oak, the heads being about four feet from the true bettered by 2-inch hands. It will be protected by 2-inch lands of hoop from, which will almost cover the sides.

It is the intention of the two men to make the neads being of 2-inch oar. It will be pritedericly 2-inch lands of hood from, which will
almost cover the sides.

It is the intention of the two men to make
their voyage in the early part of August. They
intend to be dropped from the present Maid of
the Mistianting on the Canada side by liamilton Hazlitt, a brother of one of the men, who
looked after Graham on his trip and who closed
the cask on him before he started. The two
men will sit on the top of the barrel until they
reach the Cantilever bridge, when they will
drop into it, cose themselves in, and so ride
through the rapids. They have not yet decided
on what interior arrangement they will have,
but will get air through yen holes similar to
those in Graham's barrel. Both men are fearless and confident of a safe trip.

A MILLION FOR MISSIONS. THE METHODISTS' GREAT CONTRI-BUTION.

Maw Chaplain McCabe Has Managed the Work of Incitement and Appenl-A Man who Can Open the Purses of the People. "A million for missions!" This is the latest rallying cry of the Methodists, and it suggests a tremendous undertaking. The denomination has determined to make the annual appropriation for missionary work one million dollars, and with characteristic energy has set about raising this vast sum. Foremost in the work is Chaplain McCabe, famous as the greatest beggar on the continent. It is accordng to his plan and under his direction that the money is raised and, with the cooperation of the Missionary Board, will be expended.

The Methodist missions are divided into two fields, domestic and foreign. In the former there are employed 2,508 missionaries and 2,397 assistant missionaries. The appropriation for this branch for the current year was \$381,300. In the foreign field, which is ilmited only by the boundless oceans, there are 116 missionaries and 72 assistants. But they do not include all the workers. There are 592 native preachers and teachers for 1,427 Sabbath chools. The appropriation for their work was \$440.536. With a million dollars to spend, it is proposed to make an equal division between the two fields of \$500,000 each.

When the leaders of the denomination made up their minds to devote a million dollars for missions, they summoned Chaplain McCabe and saked him for the money. He hadn't it with him, but he thought he could get it before the 1st of January. That was in June last. It will be seen from the foregoing that the toal appropriation for the current year was \$821.836. This was made, on the strength of contributions from the churches during the fiscal year just closed, \$100,000 in excess of any previous year. The missions then were never more liberally supported than now and the proposition to make the amount a million was simply a demand upon the parishes to add to their recent increase more than another \$100,-000. Such a task might stagger any one but a McCabe. To him it came as a cool breeze in summer; it inspired him to the greatest exertion of his life. His first thought was of the more than 12,000 parishes in the denomination. A plan must be devised by which each district should be induced to contribute to the extent of its resources. After that special of-

tion. A plan must be devised by which each district should be induced to contribute to the extent of its resources. After that special efforts could be made by himself and other successful mendicants.

The plan silopted is a masterpiece of invention and system. The Methodists have been getting subscriptions for missions since 1812, so that the Chaplain had the experience of history as well as some knowledge of his own to draw from for suggestions. Old and new material were combined in the plan, but its form, the new features, and the application must be placed to his credit. His first step was to consult the contribution lists for 1884, the year of the great increase already mentioned. The Chaplain is quick at figures, and he readily calculated that the denomination must increase its greatest contribution by 54% per cent, to bring the amount up to the desired total. He saw that such a demand would be very disheartening in some quarters, and so he cast about for some way to relieve the pressure. He looked up the records of bequests to the cause for a period extending over several years, and made up his mind that if worst came to worst he could roly upon the general average of income from this source. Allowing for b-quests, then, the parishes would have to aid to their greatest efforts only 33% per cent. This was hard enough, and the more the Chaplain thought about it the more be was inclined to consude, with the thief in the fable, that a man might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb: which, translated, means that if a parish could raise the leaser amount additional, it could, with proper coaxing, raise the greater; "and that the parish shall do," quoth Chaplain McCabe, He would have no depending upon legacies. So he prepared a grand map of his scheme, about three feet by two, princed on both sides. On one side is a geographical representation of the two hemispheres, with the mission as fluired by the industrious chipping and the support of the explorer, Raiph Waido Emerson, and famous divines. On the other si be called begun. The Chaplain knew from long experience that money is not aways to be had for the asking, and other machinery of mendicancy was set in motion. A circuit before mendicancy was set in motion. A circuit before mendicancy was set in motion. A circuit before mendicance with the commentation calling their attention to the apportunement for their respective parishes, and setting forth in carnest language the importance of the work to be accomplished and the crying need of more money for missions. Then the letter continues: "I you fail in the congregation, please go from house to house, finding the last man, the last woman, and the last child, and securing a controlution from each. A million for missions has been been each to have a million of missions has been been each to have a million of missions has been been each to have you can be set to have a control of the letter the assistant secretaries at the New York office arranged to keep in active correspondence with the pastors and elders, encouraging here, incling to new exertions there, and prodding the largerie, if need be, with the sharp stick official entreaty.

The denominational papers were, of course, called on to help in bringing the plan to the attention of all the Methodists in the land, but Chaplas of McCabe was not actisfied with electrical to the contributions, and by the correspondent these are furnished to the press to the local natures. To him, or her, as the case might be, are sent all the news items about the procuress of the contributions, and by the correspondent these are furnished to the press to have a correspondent the contributions, and by the correspondent has a furnished to the press to have a correspondent the contributions, and by the correspondent the contributions of the contributions of the contributions of the contributions and answers relating to the discretion of the contributions and answers relating the pression of the contributions and the manipulation of the press; and the capacity of the contributions and answer

looks now as if the money would be more than reised. Many churches have taken their contributions, and reports received at the Broadway office here are uniformly encouraging. One of the secretaries was asked to what he attributed Chaplain Mccabe's success.

"More to the man's personality than anything else," he said. "He is magnetic in the highest sense. His general plans are original and bold, but his speeches are perhaps no more able or percussive in themselves than those of many a lesser man, but his manner is wonderfully effective and nover fails to tell in the desired direction. We haven't the slightest doubt here that he will raise the million."

MARRIAGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES. An Elepement and a Chase-Also a Mother In-law With a Club.

From the Atlanta Constitution LA GRANGE, Ga., Aug. 3,-On last Saturday,

Index With a Club.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

La Grange, Ga., Aug. 3.—On last Saturday, at Pleasant Grove Church, eight miles from this place, there was held a union plente for the Sunday schools of the county. The day was happily spent by all who attended. Miss Nannie Hogg and Mr. Will Hurd were among the happy Bible students. But they were determined upon other missions save a single day's enjoyment.

Mr. Hurd had provided himself with marriage licenses, and Miss Hogg had a full determination to be Hurd before the day was over, her mother to the contrary not withstanding.

Some time before the party began to disperse Mr. Hurd and Miss Hogg, in company with Dr. Will Gaffney and lady, had tired of Sunday school exercises, and before they were barely missed they had driven to Chipley, a distance of lifteen miles, and Mr. Hurd and Miss Hogg were made man and wife. Miss Naonie Hugg is the only child of Mrs. Lydia Hogg and the grandiaughter of Judge Hiram Dennis of this county. Mr. Hurd had not more than had the time to call his fair young bride his own before his mother-in-law and Judge Dennis were before them demanding the bride. The young man was, however, determined, by the advice of friends, that he would not give her up, whereupon the mother came straight to this place, it consuming the entire night to make the drive, and employed Judgs Bingham as counsellor; and upon her fill day little had been placed in the hands of Sheriff. Edmondson, chararing the groom with kidnapping. The Sheriff returned to La Grange about 9 o'clock on Sunday night with the groom, and abond of \$300 was easily given, and the groom returned again to his bride.

Determined upon revenge, the mother of the bride but she had changed her base and it was with difficulty that he found her. She was likewise arrested and brought to this place. When the Sheriff arrived with the young lind, the groom stepped forward to asset her out of the carriage which conveyed her before the office door of Judge Bingham rolled up, the groom is under bound

THE NEW SOUTH WAKING UP.

How You Can Live in Charlotte on \$1,000 a Year-Industries and Prices-She line Fig. ured in History, Too-Vance's Home. CHARLOTTE, N. C., Aug. 5 .- Call the South a poor man's paradise, for such it is. No one ever died of hunger here and no one is destitute who can work. Fortunes are not made quickly, but good living comes easily. A salesman in a dry goods store receives \$1,000 a year. ncreased for years, but he can have a home and raise a family on such an income. With \$250 one can rent a comfortable cottage, having in front of it and around it a large lawn overed with oaks, elms, maples, poplars, what you will, and shrabs and flowers innumerable. having in its rear a garden large enough to produce vegetables for home use during half the summer, at least. Chickens at 15 cents. eggs at 10, beefsteak at 12%, apples 50 cents a pushel, peaches \$1; all sorts of vegetables and fruits in great abundance and luxury to be had or a pittance. Where is the man of sound

body and firm purpose who need suffer in such region as this? The people in this region are not all poor, The people in this region are not all poor. Within the corporate limits of this little city of Charlotte there are many men who resken their worldly goods with six figures or more, there are 10,000 inhabitants, 6,000 of whom are white, 4,000 black. One citizen worth \$1,000,000, two worth \$500,000 apliees, four worth \$250,000 each, a dozen worth from \$10,000 to \$100,000. This is not a bad show for a small place. Here are three national banks with a combined capital of nearly \$1,000,000, two building and loan associations, two spendid hotels that send four-horse omnibuses, carriages, landaus, coupée to the debots; five different rairoads sending their freight and passenger trains along every day, a cotton factory, two from works, a soap factory, a branch

different ratiroads sending their freight and passenger trains along every day, a cotton factory, two iron works, a sonp factory, a branch United States mint to as-ay the gold from mines near by, water works, tolephones, opera house, and theatre, and now the electric light.

Who says the old South is not dead and a new South come to life? Who says it would not be wise for some of our strong-bodied and strong-minded men and women of native and foreign birth, in Boston, in New York, and Pallaciophia, Chicago and St. Louis, men and women able to work, willing to work, but out of work, to come here?

And so it is throughout the South. There is not so much wealth as there is at the North, but there is comfort. There is not a great deal of that glitter of life which accompanies the greatest culture and the greatest achievement, but there is enough of meat and drink to make one content with the humdrum of existence.

Charlotte possesses some historic interest, there, on the 20th day of May, 1775, the y-comen of Mecklenburgh county met in selemn-conclave and decarred that the American colonies ought to be free and independent. Here Cornwalls had his headquarters a mort time during the Revolution. Hither Gen. Horatto Gates field after the battle of Camden, and here, it is said, the horse he had ridden died of a too precipitous flight of the rider. Here many of the principal actors of the late war, Jefferson Davis, Joseph E. Johaston, and others passed to and fro, pausing sometimes to rest, to direct with pen the affairs of the great conflict. This was formerly the home of Gen. D. H. Hit and of the widow of Stonewall Jackson, And here, has but not least, is the home of Zeoulon B. Vance, North Carolina's old war Governor, now United States Senator, a man of the people, brave, able, witty, long to be cherished by a commonwealth he has faithfully served.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: Am I not ways comes out right in the end. Have you any one tha can show a longer record ?

A. D. Wilkum. Telegraph Operator. State Camp. Parasatili, Aug. 3. Communication from an Aristocrat.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir I wish to

HIGH LIFE AT HARVARD.

WHAT A STUDENT CAN SPEND IN THE COURSE OF A COLLEGE YEAR,

The Moderate and Extravagant Items of

The Moderate and Extravagant Items of Cost Which Make Student Life More of Less Exhibitanting and also Expensive.

Promite Boston Heroid.

Harvard is undoubtedly the most expensive college in the country. The truth of this statement is affirmed by the testimony of atuents who come to Cambridge from every other college, as welligs by a comparison of the estimated expenses as made in the catalogues of all colleges. In this article it is designed to show what the least cost or living can be, and what the various styles of living actually are, Unlike those of other colleges, the members of the graduating class at Harvard make no estimate of their expenses, so that no accurate statement can be made. But personal experience, and a careful comparison between his own and other students' modes of living, are sufficient guides for the writer.

Harvard has a bad reputation for morality, which, though undeserved, keeps many poor, industrious families from sending their boys to Cambridge on their hard-earned savings. Moreover, there is a moneyed aristocratic atmosphere about the institution which is now very unconcenial to poor students, and will in the near future even more effectually freeze them out. So the great majority of the students are from rich or west-to-do families, in the college catal-gue for 1885 and 1896 is found the following our scales of annual expenditure, the expenses of the long vacation not being included:

Fery 8150 61 50 175 50 806 45 Books and stationery.... Hothing urniture... Hoard
Fuel and light.....
Washing
Societies and subscriptions 2812 Totals B4H4 \$1,300

As can be seen from the table, the least amount on which a student can live for a year at Harvard is estimated to be \$484. And it is probable that a few students do not stend more than this amount. But they are very few, indeed. Then the least price for a room is put down as \$22. As there is not a single room in a college dormitory for that amount, it is probable that the authorities have in mind one of two corruptions of a single room. It is impossible that the authorities have in mind one of two corrupts to a single room.

able that the authorities have in minu one of two occupants of a single room. It is imposs within half a mile of the college for less than \$100. Again, the amount estimated for washing, according to present Cambridge rates, wild inply either an authorities of the single rates, according to present Cambridge rates, wild inply either an authorities of Harvard students, which of ables them to got propile, or else a lamentable lack of neatness. Altogether, this estimate must be thrown out as practically out of the question.

Of course there are some exceptions, but it can be stated definitely that for the large magnetic manner of the present of the past of the p

Turtion... \$150 Societies and subscrip-flows and stationery. 15 tons to sports. and light....

The Vote for President in 1884. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: Please state the lists value of each candidate at the last Freed dential election. A Respire Cleveland, 4,874,986; Blaine, 4,851,981; Butler, 175,

Boils and Carbuncies result from a debilitated, impoverished, or

impure condition of the blood. They are a source of reat suffering, and are liable to appear in large num be's, unless overcome by the use of some powerful alter-ative. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures these painful tumors and also prevents them, by removing their cause. One year ago I suffered from Boils and Carbuncles. and for nearly two months was unable to work. I was

Cured by

taking two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla -LEANDER J McDONALD, Soley st., Charlestown, Mass.
For some time past, until recently, my blood was in a
d) ordered condition. I was covered from head to foot with small, and very irritating, blotches. After using three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla I am entirely cured. C OGDEN, Camden, N. J.
I suffered with Boils every spring, for years, until I

Ayer's Sar saparilla

manent curs.—E. F. LUND, Portsmouth, Va.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Soll by all Describts. Price \$1. eta buttles. \$5.

Carbuncles.

Por years I was afflicted with Carbuncles on the back of my neck. They were a source of much suffering. I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilia, which cured the Carbuncies, and has since kept me entirely free from them; my appetite has improved, and I am in better health than ever before -- O. SNELL, Lowell, Mass. I was troubled, for a long time, with a humor which appeared on my face in ugly l'impies and Biotolies. By

Taking

Ayer's Sarsaparalla I was cured. I consider this medishiftl, North Craftstury, Vt.

I had numbers of Carbuncles on my neck and back. with availings in my armpits, and suffered greatly. Nothing relieved me until I began taking Ayer's Saranparii a. This medicine restored me to health -- SELBY